

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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St. James's Palace.



ALTHOUGH strangers in viewing the exterior of St. James's Palace, of which we give a view, pronounce it a residence unworthy the monarch of the first kingdom in the world, yet those who have had the opportunity of seeing the interior hesitate not to pronounce it as the best calculated to exhibit the "pomp and circumstance" of royalty of any palace in Europe. It is built on the site of an hospital for Lepers which was erected here before the conquest, by some pious citizens of London, and dedicated to St. James. Accommodation was provided for fourteen leprous females, and there was a provision for eight priests. The hospital was rebuilt in the reign of Henry III. On the suppression of religious houses, Henry VI. obtained possession of the ancient hospital, which he caused to be demolished, granting pensions to the sisters who were upon the establishment at this period.

According to tradition, Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, furnished the design for the present edifice, which was called the King's Manor of St. James. The king used this newly raised mansion only as a private residence; for he kept his court at the ancient Palace of Westmin-

ster, and afterwards at that of Whitehall, when he had taken it from Cardinal Wolsey.

Queen Mary made her Manor of St. James, beyond Charing Cross, the place of her gloomy retirement during the absence of her husband, Philip of Spain; and here she terminated her detested life and inglorious reign.

James I. presented St. James's House, (for so it was called,) to his son, Prince Henry, who was making many internal improvements when his premature and lamented death arrested their progress.

King Charles I. added to the improvements of St. James's, when it appears to have assumed the title of a royal palace. Within its walls most of his children were born.

During the civil wars, St. James's Palace became the prison, for nearly three years, of James, Duke of York, afterwards James II., Henry, Duke of Gloucester, and the Princess Elizabeth; hence, after the execution of the King, the Duke of York, then in his fifteenth year, made his escape, disguised in female apparel.

The various changes which the interior of St. James's Palace has undergone, since

its spoliation during the usurpation of Cromwell, leaves us little opportunity of judging of its splendour in the time of Charles I. In the armoury, were twenty-nine antique statues, which were sold by the council of state: that they were valuable, may be inferred from the prices at which they were appraised.

The celebrated Cardinal Barberini, who protected the English resident at Rome, recommended Panzani to the king, who employed him as an agent to procure the finest pictures, statues, and other works of art in Italy. The cardinal, in gratifying the king's taste for collecting, hoped to gain him to the Romish persuasion; but the religious sentiments of the English monarch were too firmly rooted in principles to be shaken, although his queen, to whom he was devoted, used her utmost influence to convert him. "The statues go on excellently," says the Cardinal Barberini to Mazarine; "nor shall I hesitate to rob Rome of her most valuable ornaments, if, in exchange, we might be so happy as to have the king of England among the princes who submit to the apostolic see."

That this upright sovereign was not inclined to countenance the religion of the queen, appears from his answers to an application for erecting the chapel at St. James's. The priests of her majesty became importunate for such a building, declaring, that without a chapel mass could not be performed with the state worthy of a queen. "If the queen's closet, where they now say mass, is not large enough," said his majesty, "let them have it in the great chamber; and if that is not large enough, let it be performed in the garden; and if the garden will not serve their turn, then is the park the fittest place."

The collection of pictures that once decorated the walls of this palace, appears to have been of extreme value. Among the principal ones that were sold by order of parliament, were the twelve emperors, by Titian, for £1,200; eleven emperors, by Julio Romano, for £1,100; The Flaying of a Satyr, by Corregio, for £1,000; another picture of the same subject, by Corregio, for £1,000; King Charles on Horseback, for £150, &c. &c. The whole of this noble gallery was disposed of for the comparatively small sum of £12,049 4s.

The palace was furnished with a library of choice books, and a collection of valuable medals, which had nearly shared the fate of the pictures, in order to raise a sum to pay the arrears of some regiments of cavalry. Certain generals urged the council to dispose of them, but the learned Selden engaged his friend, Whitelocke,

then Lord Keeper of the Commonwealth, to apply for the office of librarian, which he obtained; but this did not prevent their being taken away, since the Duke of Ormond, in a letter dated April 2, 1640, mentions, "that all the rarities in the king's library at St. James's, are vanished."

An attempt was made during the reign of Charles II., to recover some of these valuable spoils; and it is evident, from the collection that belonged to James II., that many had been restored by purchase or by theft. All those pictures which were purchased by a great Dutch collector, Mynheer Reyntz, were repurchased by the states of Holland, of his executors, and presented to Charles II. by the Dutch ambassadors, who came to England to settle the peace.

During the reign of Charles II., St. James's Palace, was occupied by the Duke of York, who resided here occasionally, after he ascended the throne, and here many of the king's children were born, particularly James, afterwards known as the pretender, in a room now called the old bedchamber. The bed stood close to the door of a private staircase, which descended to the inner court, and was certainly situated so as to favour the belief of the "warming-pan plot."

When the Prince of Orange was marching to the capital, James II. sent an invitation to him at Windsor, to take up his residence at St. James's. Hither the Prince came with his suite, and soon after caused James to remove from the Palace of Whitehall. After the coronation of William and Mary, their majesties occasionally occupied St. James's, although their principal residence, when in town, was at Whitehall. On their majesties quitting St. James's, that palace was fitted up for George, Prince of Denmark, and Princess Anne, who long resided there in the placid enjoyment of connubial happiness; and, on the accession of Anne to the throne, it became the scene of a brilliant court.

George I., on succeeding to the throne, made the palace of St. James the royal residence. This King understood Latin accurately, and spoke French with fluency, though ignorant of the English language: his minister, Sir Robert Walpole, knew neither German nor French; hence all their conferences were held in the Latin tongue. His majesty had to learn the nature of the British constitution, and Sir Robert had difficulties to surmount, explaining many matters in which the new sovereign could not readily acquiesce. He desired to govern with honour; and the minister complained of the corruption

of his Hanoverian courtiers, particularly of their mercenary disposal of the king's favours. His majesty, who was good humouredly sarcastic, on occasion of one of these complaints, retorted, "is it not so in England?" and to illustrate the disinterestedness of his new servants in office at the court, observed, "Surely this is a strange country, for the first morning after my arrival at St. James's, I looked out of the window, and saw a park with walks, a canal, and gardens, which they told me were *mine*. The next day Lord Chetwynd, the ranger of *my* park, sent me a brace of carp, out of *my* canal; and I was told I must give five guineas to Lord Chetwynd's servants, for bringing me *my own* carp, out of *my own* canal, in *my own* park."

Soon after their accession to the throne, George II. and Queen Caroline removed from Leicester House to St. James's, and at no time, from its first occupation as a royal residence had so large and so various an establishment enlivened its ancient walls. Every apartment was inhabited; and the royal family of George II. appears to have here experienced an envied portion of domestic happiness. Their majesties took great delight in the healthful amusement of gardening, and encouraged every branch of horticulture.

A circumstance indicative of the humanity of his majesty, occurred in the palace about this time. The king having been informed that many of his subjects had the misfortune to be taken into slavery by the Barbary corsairs, gave orders to Mr. Zollicoffe, the British ambassador at the court of the emperor of Morocco, to negotiate for their release. In consequence of this royal interference, one hundred and forty natives of England, Scotland, and Ireland were liberated, and embarked at Tetuan for England. Previously to their returning to their respective homes, the redeemed captives assembled at the palace, and were presented to the king. Among the sufferers were several masters of vessels, who expressed their gratitude to the good sovereign. His majesty asked them many questions, and ordered them a handsome gratuity out of his privy purse. Many noblemen and gentlemen present at this interesting scene, influenced by his majesty's benevolence, made considerable contributions to their common stock.

On the death of George II., George III., then Prince of Wales, resided at Saville House, Leicester Square, but in a few days he removed to St. James's, where he immediately issued an order for holding a drawing-room every Thursday and Saturday. At this palace his majesty re-

ceived the hand of his illustrious consort. Here also his present majesty was born, and the baptisms of all the children of their majesties have been performed in the great council chamber, which was appropriated to that service.

On the night of the 21st of January, 1809, part of St. James's palace was consumed by an accidental fire which nearly destroyed the whole south-east angle, the most interesting and picturesque part of the ancient structure, and comprehending the king and queen's private apartments; those occupied by the Duke of Cambridge, some of the old state apartments, together with the French and Dutch chapels. Since which event, the palace has not been visited by the Sovereign but on a few public occasions, the courts having been held at her majesty's palace of Buckingham House, or at Carlton House; though, by some recent repairs, the palace of St. James's has been rendered worthy of the British court, and here his majesty held his last levees drawing-room during the present summer.

THE ASSASSIN: OR, PATRICK AND SHEELA.

(For the Mirror.)

Poor Patrick was manly, brave, and warm-hearted.

His Sheela was lovely, none fairer than she;
And oft has the tongue-tear of tenderness started,
Lest Sheela and Patrick disavow'd should be.

From children they prattled and rambled together,
Affection grew with them, and dwelt in each breast.

The wing'd dove of peace spread its white downy feather,
And Sheela with Patrick, was happy and blest.

The day, nuptial day, was set down to unite them.

Till which, Time, to them, seem'd to pause in its course;

Seem'd to pause, till some hell-harpy sprang up to smite them.

And fix'd on that day for a final divorce.

Poor Patrick was struck — by an assassin wounded.

On the morn that his Sheela was dress'd for a bride;

'Twas the hate of a rival, his coffin-knell sounded!

'Twas the heart-stab to Sheela, who sick'n'd and died.

And now, side by side, cold, breathless, and shrouded,

Lie Patrick and Sheela, like lovers still dear!

'Twas the mandate of fate that their *spring of life* clouded,

Yet dropt on the arrow that smote them, a tear!

Utopia.

THE CLAIMS AND RIGHTS OF THE SEX.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

[We cannot sufficiently apologize for having so long mislaid, and consequently neglected, the powerful appeal of our fair correspondent, which we now leave to speak for itself, confident that any observation we could make would not add to the force of her arguments.—She is, however, too complimentary.—Ed.]

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have long been highly pleased with the manner in which you “hold THE MIRROR up to nature;” and I am often gratified, in no common degree, by the amusing and instructive picture it reflects of “living manners as they rise.” I might say a great deal more in your praise, but I am afraid I should not, in one short letter, be able to do justice either to your industry or your judgment. I must, however, acknowledge, that while I praise your literary ability, I am not inclined to bestow an equal degree of approbation upon your gallantry. I do not think, Mr. Editor, that the fair sex occupy that conspicuous place in your miscellany which their merits entitle them to demand. That you are an admirer of feminine talent and loveliness, I have no doubt; and I can confidently assure you, that you would more and more engage the affections and ensure the support of the ladies, if you would only follow (in a *literary way*, not *literally*) the courtly and gallant example of certain chivalrous knights of the “olden time,” and throw down your gauntlet in their defence. They have long wanted a champion; but, alas! “the age of chivalry is gone!” and unless you undertake the office, I know of no other remedy, than their entering the lists themselves in *propria persona*; for their sufferings, instead of diminishing by the influence of time, and the exercise of patience, two potent remedies for most human grievances, appear to “grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength.” This almost hopeless state of things, you must allow, Mr. Editor, is quite appalling, and I am sure you will agree with me, that it requires some prompt and efficient remedy.

Your great predecessors, the Spectator, Tatler, and others, owed a large portion of their popularity to the influence of the ladies; and though they reprehended some foibles, and commented with great severity upon the omission of the *modesty-piece* which formerly decorated the stays, and shielded the bosoms of our maternal predecessors, and unreservedly condemned the too liberal display of a pretty ankle, yet they were neither slow nor unwilling to commend our virtues, and delivered

even their severest censures in a tone of delicacy and good-nature. But now, Mr. Editor, how miserably the case is altered! Cold and formal politeness is all that is yielded to female wit or beauty, virtue or learning. Our statesmen and poets seem long since to have lost that warm admiration for feminine talent which glowed in the bosoms of their forefathers. Where are now our Burkes and our Sheridans, who openly avowed their allegiance to the sacred cause of woman? Whence have fled those halcyon days of female splendour and triumph, when our Popes, our Addisons, and our Steeles, paid their homage at the shrine of the Graces? When Chesterfield enlivened the courtly circle by the brilliant witticism and the biting repartee? When even the churlish Johnson sometimes condescended to sacrifice his ill-humour and pedantry upon the altar of politeness, and added the sober dignity of the philosopher to the graceful ease and freedom which adorned the *conversaciones* of the elegant Thrale? When ——— But I must leave this part of my letter; it drives me mad to “look on *this* picture and on *that*,” to compare former attentions with present indifference.

To descend to these degenerate days. Why is the literature of the present day so unjustly silent respecting the merits of the fair sex? When were they mentioned, except to be abused, by those oracles of criticism and good-breeding, the Quarterly and the Edinburgh? Let their editors, Messrs. G***** and J***** begin to look about them, and pay their compliments accordingly; for really, Mr. Editor, if any future philosopher or historian were to form an opinion from the contents of these celebrated reveries, they might run some chance of imagining that the female part of the creation had become extinct. But these are not the only offenders. The whole tribe of magazines (always saving and excepting two choice monthly collections of nonsense and foolery, yclept “The Lady’s” and “La Belle Assemblée”) are no better. And particularly, why has the old “Gentleman,” Mr. Sylvanus Urban, forgot his ancient manners? But why am I reproving these, when they only share in the general contagion?

“The times are out of joint, oh! cursed spite
That wit and beauty cannot set them right.”

Indeed, so little are the ladies now thought of in comparison with the mighty bustle made about the Greek insurrection, the state of Spain, Parliamentary reform, or some other interesting topic of a similar description, that nine-tenths of the nation appear almost to have for-

gotten their existence, or condescend to notice it only for the amusement of grumbling at them! You must not, however, think, from this complaint, that I am at all desirous of seeing females participate in the noisy wranglings occasioned by these knotty questions. I willingly leave them to the consideration of our politicians and members of Parliament. I have no wish to see the fair sex follow the patriotic example of certain ladies of radical notoriety, and mount the hustings for the purpose of discussing the state of the national debt, or the corruption of the national representation. But as I am afraid I have already trespassed too much on your patience in this rambling letter, I shall briefly state the first of a long list of grievances I have to lay before you; and which, if you are a true knight, you will endeavour to redress. While you are performing this solemn duty, should some ill-natured member of Parliament, jealous of his privileges, move your commitment to the Tower, or, more spiteful still, to Newgate, you may depend upon it that all the authority of the "little man in a big wig," as Jack Fuller, more facetiously than respectfully, denominated the Speaker, should not prevent us from taking exemplary vengeance upon the ill-starred wight.

Most of your fair readers know, I dare say, Mr. Editor, that whilst they are earnestly solicited to listen to the speeches that are annually made at Bible Society meetings (to their praise be it spoken, they always provide "seats for the ladies"); and that while their presence is earnestly desired at every charitable meeting in the metropolis; our legislators, who ought to be examples of good-breeding and gallantry, rigorously exclude them from the gallery on a debate night; and that the greatest lady in the land cannot enjoy the pleasure of hearing her liege lord invigorate their patriotism by his eloquence, unless she adopts the very unseemly mode of enveloping herself in an *inexpressible* disguise. How in their wisdom they might deal with the fair violator of their privileges, if discovered, I shall not presume to anticipate. Now, Mr. Editor, is this treatment decent?—Is it worthy of the most enlightened senate in the world?—Why should the fair sex be thus tacitly degraded by our senators, while they are so strongly solicited to enliven and adorn almost every other meeting?—Why should they not enjoy the gratification of listening to some of those eloquent harangues which have done honour to Britain? These are questions which I think they will not easily answer; and I could add a score more, if they were

not tiresome. Gratitude ought to influence them not a little; for every body knows how much they are indebted to the peeresses, when our gracious sovereign delivers his speech from the throne; they are then the brightest ornament the parliament can boast; and, I am sure, I may venture to assert that they enjoy by far the greater share of attention. The glitter of their diamonds, and the elegance of their waving plumes, shrink into nothing when compared with the expression which animates their eyes, or the dignified and graceful ease which distinguishes their mien! What a sad and dolorous appearance would our grave and reverend legislators present, if they were deserted by the females upon this interesting occasion! How miserably solemn and melancholy would they look, in spite of all their power and grandeur, if they were not enlivened by the presence of this brilliant assemblage of female grace and beauty! I really think his majesty would always order the parliament to be opened by commission, rather than encounter the stern dulness which would preside over such an unblest meeting!—One question more, and I shall commit our cause into your hands, (promising, by the bye, a little assistance from a select society of literary ladies, of which I am a member). What would have been the appearance of the coronation, if all the ladies had been excluded?

I am, Mr. Editor, for self and others,
Your's, respectfully,

DIANA DASHWELL.

P. S. Should you insert this, we are determined (with your permission,) to give some of the detractors from female worth and excellence, the opportunity of viewing their own reflections in your "MIRROR."—VIVE VALE.

A HINT

From Anti-Dick as to the writer of the Epigrams on Dick, which have recently appeared in several successive numbers of the Literary Gazette, and signed "Smolt."

CHANGE but the name of Dick (I guess)
To Thom, and sure 'tis no sin to do it;
You then will have, add but an s,
The surname of this verse-attle poet.

His christian name too, that's no matter,
Though not to seem quite strange to that,
We'll fix on one, yes, somewhat longer,
But just for shortness call it Nat.

Panton Square.

G. W.

WHAT YOU WILL.

THERE WAS a man; but mind, I don't say when,
Whether 'twas two days, or two centuries back,
Who had, oh, luckless chance! What had he
then?

Why that is quite another thing. Good luck
I really am quite in a quandary,
I can't begin without my dictionary.

Ar'n't you a pretty fellow to pretend
To write a verse, indeed? Well, I can't help it;
In such a case, why thank God I've a friend,
My dictionary almost writes itself; it
Is upon my word the cleverest book;
But stay a moment, will my word be took?

There was a man who had, I'm told, two wives,
But not as most men have had them in tandem;
He had them both together,—yet he lives!
(But now poor man he's somewhat more at random.)

At Brighton, Bath, or Cheltenham, or Harrow-
gate,
His wives are gone;—where?—I hope through
the narrow gate.

For they are dead. And I think him a wiseman
Not having wiv'd again;—a scolding wife
Is worse than Pharaoh's plagues, or the excise-
man.

The lawyer, or the devil,—tied for life
To two; much scolding from them he derived
I'll lay five pounds;—I wonder he survived.

One morn just after it was light, 'tis said
They rais'd him on his latter end upright;
And then pull'd off his night-cap, and his head
Almost; with tugging at hair black and white;
The man o'er since this shocking whirlingig
Faery, has been obliged to wear a wig.

I really can't just now write any more:
I'm much afraid my fingers won't get over
The monstrous titillation; turning o'er
My dictionary's leaves. My muse won't move
her

Tongue; now here's my verse, and if you seek
o'them;

I hope to see them soon "*veluti in speculum.*"
Cambridge. T. REYNOLDS.

SONG OF DEATH, BY BURNS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The following lines were written
by the far-famed Robert Burns, and may
vie with his much admired war song of
"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

PROCURATOR.

SONG OF DEATH.

Scene—A field of battle—time of day—evening.

The wounded and dying of the victorious army
are supposed to join in the following song:—

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and
ye skies,

Now gay with the bright setting sun:
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender
ties,

Our race of existence is run.

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy
foe,

Go frighten the coward and slave;
Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant, but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the
dust,

Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark,
He falls in the blaze of his fame.

In the field of proud honour, our swords in our
hands,

Our king and our country to save;
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O! who would not rest with the brave!

* I was induced to pen the above beautiful
composition upon seeing an illustration of it
among the collection of pictures at the Royal
Exhibition.

TO A LADY WITH A PRESENT OF SOME PENS.

Go, ingenious artists, to her,
All ambitious to be prest;
Dear disclosers of sensation!
Agents of the gentle breast.

Whiter than your whitest feather,
Is the hand which you'll embrace;
Yet more white the fair affection,
Whose emotions you shall trace.

Go, and take a charge upon you,
Passing tender, passing dear;
Oh, the trust you bear is wondrous!
Gentle agents be sincere.

Every sacred secret making,
Gods! how precious ye will prove!
Softest sympathies imparting,
Are ye not the plumes of Love?

When first floating on the river,
Lovely was your limpid way;
Lovely was the silver surface,
Lovely was your wat'ry play.

But for pastime still more lovely,
Your sweet feathers now I send;
What so lovely, priethee tell me,
As the service of a friend?

Faithful to the fair deposits,
Your *least* stroke shall reach my heart!
In its elegant recesses,
Shall be *as'd* what you impart.

Then, dear instruments, I charge ye,
Often tempt my Emma's eyes;
Bid her press your downy feathers,
Bid her *speed* the soft replies.

Not the plumes, which line her pillow,
Half so delicate shall prove;
(When, all kind her pulses tremble)
As your downy shafts of Love.

Ye shall note her joy and anguish,
Gentle agents, be sincere!
Send me half each drop of sorrow;
Rob me not of half each tear.

Beauteous as the dews of morning,
When they bathe the lovely *flow'r*,
Are the lucid drops of *Feeling*,
When from *fondness* falls the show'r.

Mark, I claim my just *division*,
Mark, I promise just *return*;
Some of your white-wing'd associates
Must inform her how I mourn.

When long leagues our persons sever,
Ye our wishes shall convey;
Ye shall tell the pangs of *parting*,
Ye shall mark the *meeting* day.

Save me, pow'rs! that strike the pulses,
When invades the quick surprise,
Yonder comes the gentle Emma,
Hither she directs her eyes.

How the feather I am using
Trembles to the trembling heart!
Agents, here behold a pattern!
See a sample of your art.

Thus to me were Emma writing,
(And her thoughts like Henry's kind)
Sympathy would shake each feather,
All expressive of the mind.

Go then, take this charge upon you,
Passing tender, passing dear;
Oh, the charge you bear is wondrous!
Gentle agents, be sincere.

APPROPRIATE NAMES AND
OCCUPATIONS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

IN my perambulations through London and its vicinity, for a series of years, my attention has often been struck with the singular coincidence of Names and Occupations, which induced me to copy such of those as I considered amusing, or worthy of notice. I now send my list to you, and beg to state that they are all genuine. By a reference to a London Directory, a considerable portion of them may be found; and may be seen by those who are in the daily habit of passing through the streets of the metropolis.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

T. M.

Hazard and Co....	Lottery-office Keepers.
Goodluck and Co. Ditto.	
Mr. Wimpenny ...	Stock Broker.
Sharp	Razor Maker.
Giblet	Poulterer.
Veal	Eating-house Keeper.
Cutmore	Ditto.
Lamb	Butcher.
Brewster	Innkeeper.
Goodale	Ditto.
Shrub	Keeper of Wine and Spirit Vaults.
Paste	
Mould	Corn Chandler.
Mite	Cheese-monger.
Sweet	Ditto.
Sawyer	Grocer.
Board	Carpenter.
Crabtree	Ditto.
Wood	Timber Merchant.
Blood	Boat Builder.
Taylor	Surgeon.
Rumfit	Tailor.
Remnant	Ditto.
Roadknight	Ditto.
Sadler	Saddler.
Groom	Livery-stable Keeper.
Read	Ditto.
Page	Bookseller.
Crotch	Stationer.
Dance	Musician.
Ball	Ditto.
Wicks	Music Seller.
Wolf	Tallow Chandler.
Stockings	Furrier.
Goldsmith	Hosier.
Brown	Jeweller.
White	Colourman.
Tanner	Ditto.
John Style	Leather Seller.
Mrs. Tasker	Farmer.
Grammar	Mistress of a Boarding School.
	Ditto.

The Selector ;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.BARBAROUS PUNISHMENTS IN
INDIA.

January 26th.—For some time past, it has been discovered that a gang of persons have been digging under some of the pagodas, to possess themselves of whatever treasures are deposited beneath them, and a few days since, four persons were apprehended in the act. They were condemned to death. One of the servants came in this afternoon, and informed me he had been to see them executed.

Brother Judson and myself (Mr. Hough) hastened to the place. It was a most shocking scene! Four Burmans were fastened to a high fence, first by the hair of the head and neck, their arms were then extended horizontally, as far as they could be stretched without dislocation, and a cord tied tight around them; their thighs and legs were then tied in their natural position; they were ripped open from the lowest to the highest extremity of the stomach, and their vitals and part of their bowels were hanging out; large gashes were cut in a downward direction on their sides and thighs, so as to bare the ribs and the thigh bones: one, who I suppose was more guilty than the rest, had an iron instrument thrust side-long through the breast, and part of his vitals pushed out in the opposite direction. Thus, with the under jaw fallen, their eyes open and fixed, naked, excepting a small cloth round the middle, they hung dead.

February 7th.—This afternoon we heard that seven men were carried to the place of execution. We went to witness the affecting scene. On our arrival there, we heard the report of a gun, and looking about, we saw a man tied to a tree, and six others sitting on the ground with their hands tied behind them. Observing the man at the tree, we saw a circular figure painted upon his stomach, about three inches in diameter, for a mark to shoot at, for he was to die in this way. At that moment there was another discharge of a musket; but the shot again missed; a third and fourth time he was fired at, but without effect. At every shot there was a loud peal of laughter from the surrounding spectators. He was then loosed from the tree, and a messenger sent to the governor, who returned with a reprieve, his younger brother, who was one of the seven, was then tied to the

tree. The first shot slightly touched his arm; the second struck him in the heart, and he instantly expired; at the same moment, the remaining five, each at one blow, were beheaded. We went close to them, and saw their trunks, and their heads, and their blood. We saw a man put his foot on one of the trunks, and press it with as little feeling as one would tread upon a beast. Their bodies were then dragged along on the ground a short distance, and their heads taken up by the hair and removed. The two brothers, when condemned to die, requested to be shot, asking, at the same time, to be pardoned, if the fourth shot should miss. The elder brother was therefore spared, while the fate of the other was more lamentable. The superstitious Burmans suppose, from the circumstance of the request of the two brothers, and the escape of the elder one, that some charm prevented his death.—*Judson's Mission to the Burman Empire.*

FUNERAL OF A PRIEST.

SEVERAL months since, a neighbouring priest died, or returned, for the Burmans think it undignified to say that a priest dies; his body was immediately wrapped up in tar and wax; holes were perforated through the feet, and some distance up the legs, into which one end of a hollow bamboo was inserted, and the other fixed in the ground; the body was then pressed and squeezed, so that its fluids were forced down through the legs, and conveyed off by means of the bamboos; in this state of preservation the body has been kept. For some days past, preparations have been making to burn this sacred relic, and to day it has passed off in fumigation! We all went to see it, and returned sorry that we had spent our time to so little profit. On four wheels was erected a kind of stage, or tower about twelve or fifteen feet high, ornamented with paintings of different colours and figures, and small mirrors. On the top of this was constructed a kind of balcony, in which was situated the coffin, decorated with small pieces of glass, of different hues, and the corpse, half of which was visible above the edge of the coffin, entirely covered with gold leaf. Around the tower and balcony were fixed several bamboo poles, covered with red cloth, displaying red flags at their ends, and small umbrellas, glittering with spangles; among which was one larger than the others, covered with gold leaf, shading the corpse from the sun. Around the upper part of the balcony was suspended a curtain of white gauze, about a cubit in

width, the lower edge of which was hung round with small pieces of isinglass; above the whole was raised a lofty quadrangular pyramid, graduating into a spire, constructed in a light manner of split bamboo, covered with small figures cut out of white cloth, and waving to and fro for some distance in the air. The whole, from the ground to the top of the spire, might measure fifty feet. This curious structure, with some living priests upon it, was drawn half a mile by women and boys, delighted with the sport, and in the midst of a large concourse of shouting and joyous spectators. On their arrival at the place of burning, ropes were attached to the hind end of the car, and a whimsical sham contest, by adverse pulling, was for some time maintained, one party seemingly indicating a reluctance to have the precious corpse burned. At length the foremost party prevailed, and the body must be reduced to ashes! Amidst this there were loud shoutings, clapping of hands, the sound of drums, of tinkling and wind instruments, and a most disgusting exhibition of female dancing; but no weeping or wailing. The vehicle was then taken to pieces, the most valuable parts of which were preserved, and the body consumed.

A SPANISH INN.

"HAST thou ever beheld the interior of a Spanish Casaca, or Inn, good reader? If not, it were vain for me to attempt giving thee an idea of its total want of all comfort. The only room in the house in which a fire can be lighted is the 'lumbre,' or kitchen; a large ill-furnished sort of hall, with a chimney sufficiently capacious to permit the assembling of twenty people round the dogs, on which billets of burning wood are laid for the combined purpose of cooking provisions and warming the guests. This cozy spot is, for the most part, taken full possession of by muleteers, carriers, and other travellers of that description; so that if the feelings of the wanderer is too nice to put up with the strong garlic flavours, and the manners of these recumbents, he must suffer the punishment due to over-refinement, by shivering in a bed-chamber by himself. But the furniture placed in these latter apartments is still less to the mind of an Englishman than that of the 'lumbre' filthy blankets are heaped upon a mattress, such as I abstain from describing; broken chairs or stools are disposed at intervals round the walls. But for thy

life, 'gare, gare,' how thou liftest any part of the drapery either of thy dressing-table, or thy bed, otherwise thy garments will be peopled in an instant with active colonists whom thou wilt find it no easy business ever after to dislodge."—*The Stranger's Grave.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF GENTILITY.

THIS society held its first anniversary dinner at the Albion tavern in Aldersgate-street, on Wednesday last. It is the laudable object of this institution to rescue from vulgarity the inhabitants of the eastern parts of the metropolis; and when we consider the thousands of living beings who haunt the Royal Exchange, and who, in their eagerness to earn a penny, are too apt to drill holes in their manners, the utility of an establishment like the present must be obvious to the eye of blindness itself. The gallery was filled with elegantly dressed ladies, and the waiters spoke French. The dinner consisted of every delicacy in and out of season, and would have been unexceptionable if it had not been for the appearance of some roast beef and plum-pudding that appeared at the lower end of one of the tables. Several stock-brokers, who sat near those obnoxious articles, were seized with a faintness, which was only removed by the prompt substitution of a dish of *cotelettes aux concombres* and an *omelette soufflée*. One gentleman drank hock out of a white glass, and claret out of a green one, and was consequently desired to leave the room. An undertaker from Budge-row, during the singing of "Non nobis Domine," ejaculated "sed tuo," half a note too sharp; and an executor from Watling-street dropped his mourning-ring in his finger-glass. With the exception of the above accidents, the dinner passed off with the most edifying decorum. The following toasts were then drunk:

"The King,—and may he never forget his German tailor in Cork-street, Burlington-gardens!"

"The Duke of York, and the last new hussar uniform!"

"The Duke of Clarence, and success to the new ambassador's yacht!"

The noble chairman now rose, and begged the attention of the gentlemen present, while he explained the meaning of the latter part of the last-delivered

toast. It might not have occurred to every gentleman who heard him to do what he had himself recently done, namely, to visit in person the new ambassador's yacht then lying off Woolwich. Such a vessel, he was proud to say, was not to be matched in gentility by any vessel in his Majesty's navy. Cleopatra sailed not down the Cydnus in half so elegant a bark (*applause*). Cut-glass decanters, Sèvres china, Turkey carpets, or-molu inkstands, chintz hangings, graced every part of this truly genteel establishment. The rude rope that communicates between the tiller and the rudder was cased in a mahogany coating, and he had actually seen Burke on the "Sublime and Beautiful" in a port-holes. The sailors, a race of men who called in a peculiar manner for the fostering aid of this establishment, were, on board the new ambassador's yacht, what sailors should be, perfect gentlemen. In such a vessel so manned and so decorated, if any thing should happen in the Atlantic, an ambassador would have the satisfaction of going to the bottom like a gentleman. One little anecdote he could not but communicate. It has hitherto been the heathen custom with sailors; when they want the aid of any of their brethren, to exclaim, with a corresponding hitch of their trowsers, "Lend a hand, ye lubbers!" In lieu of this ungenteel salutation, he, the chairman, heard a remarkably modest well-dressed sailor on board the yacht in question, with a polite bow thus accost his brethren:—"Gentlemen, may I request your co-operation?" (*great applause.*)

Song from Miss Povey in the gallery, "Hail Politeness, Power Divine!"

Silence was then requested while the secretary read the report of the committee.

The committee commenced their report by drawing a parallel between London in its present state and as it existed fifty years ago. Gentility, at the period last mentioned, was confined to a few streets and squares westward, while all the rest of the metropolis was devoted to vulgarity. Since that period Bedford-square had shewn to an astonished aristocracy that traders could be as genteel as viscounts. (*Applause.*) In this square was first set that glorious example, since so well followed by more recent edifices, that human nature could not exist without two drawing-rooms, and communicating by folding-doors. Young children might require nurseries, and grown ones school-rooms: the father of a family might want his library, and the mother of it her store-room. But what, continued

the report, are wants like these, compared with the want of routs. (*Applause.*) Upon this plan, therefore, was every new house erected, from the massy structures in Connaught-place, to their humble brethren in Gower-street; and Vitruvius forbade that they should ever be erected upon any other principle! If the time should ever arrive when utility should shoulder the hod, and convenience handle the trowel, farewell to fashion, and good-b'ye to the Society for the Propagation of Gentility. (The secretary at this period of the report, drank a tumbler of champagne and water, and then resumed his labours.) The report next adverted to the Propagation of Gentility in Euston-square, and other environs of Gower-street, and proceeded to set forth a letter addressed, by a widow lady residing in the last-mentioned street, to the secretary, covering two notices which the writer alleged herself to have received from neighbours and tenants, expressive of the intention of the parties to quit their residences at Michaelmas-day then next ensuing. The two writers, who appeared to be of the softer sex, intimated no feeling of hostility as inducing them to take that step. They both of them ascribed it to an article which had appeared in a respectable monthly publication, entitled "Every-day People," in which it is insinuated that Gower-street is apt to be tenanted by persons of that stamp. (*Murmurs.*) The writers alleged that in transplanting themselves to Gower-street, the one from Hatton-garden and the other from the Crescent in the Minorities, they were actuated by the laudable motive of being genteel, and something out of the common way; but, finding from the article in question, that those objects were not to be attained, or if attained, not prolonged in their present residences, they had resolved upon moving a little more westward, namely, to Alfred-place and Howland-street.

A gentleman in a genteel suit of black, at the middle table, here interrupted the secretary, and begged to know whether the houses in Gower-street possessed verandas to the windows of the first floor. One of the committee, in answer, regretted to be obliged to confess that, so far from this being the case, only one mansion, tenanted, he believed, by Mr. John Bannister, even possessed a balcony. He added, however, that since the publication of the pasquinade, to which allusion had been made, the inhabitants had generally determined upon the adoption of verandas. It had also been resolved to break the king's peace a little later at night, by a more prolonged sys-

tem of ronting and quadrilling. The sons of three resident householders had determined to indulge the natives with an occasional *lark* at half-past two in the morning: and the daughters of seven other proprietors were learning to march, and taking lessons on the kettle-drum: Mr. Mac Adam was contracting to mud them and dust them in the latest fashion: and the wives of the tenants in general had come to a resolution of giving no balls without requiring the parties to appear in fancy dresses. The conversion of young policy-brokers, Blackwell-hall, factors, proctors, attornies, and clergymen in deacon's orders, into Turks, pilgrims, kings of Prussia, Swiss peasants, and Spanish banditti, it was hoped and trusted, would in process of time enable the inhabitants no longer to groan under the appellation of "Every-day People." The gentleman in the genteel suit of black expressed himself satisfied.

Song, Mr. Fitzwilliam—"Oh, what a town! what a wonderful metropolis!"

The chairman now begged, before the continuation of the reading of the report, to propose a toast. He had to draw the attention of the meeting to the memory of a departed nobleman, whom mankind in general, and this society in particular, were bound to reverence. But for him and his "Letters to his Son," where would our feet have been at this moment? Not turned out, but protruded forward in parallel lines, like those of a porter bending under the weight of two firkins of butter. Where would our finger nails have been? Not rounded in slightly semi-circles, but lengthened *ad infinitum*, like those of the poor benighted Brahmin, who makes nine millions of bows in one year to the blazing mid-day sun. He therefore begged to propose as a toast, "The immortal memory of Philip Dormer, Earl of Chesterfield." This toast was drank in solemn silence, and with empty glasses.

The meeting was at this period thrown into a temporary confusion, owing to a dispute between two gentlemen who sat near the middle of the centre table. One of the gentlemen taxed the other with having been helped twice to soup, which his adversary retorted with a charge of having called for table-beer after his cheese. Both charges were verified by the testimony of one of the stewards. The gentlemen apologized for having committed two acts so flagrantly opposite to the rules of the Society for the Propagation of Gentility; and harmony was restored.

The report next adverted to the object which the society had the more particularly in view, namely, the propagation of

gentility eastward. "And here," said that document, "your committee, amid occasional causes for despondence, have much motive for continuing their labours. Gentility is greatly on the increase in Moorfields: a rout has been given in Cross-street, Finsbury; Stepney Fields are white for the harvest: a harp has been heard to vibrate in Crutched Friars: a footman in a white livery has been seen to deliver a card of condolence in Seething-lane: a book-club has sprung up in Trinity-square, and the dinner hour in the Minorics is half-past six for seven. (*Great applause.*) Your committee have further to report, that in individual instances, the effects of their labours is beginning to be gloriously apparent: two cutlers' apprentices were seen by the secretary to accost each other at an accidental rencontre in Aldgate on the Saturday preceding. These very individuals who six months ago would have seized each other's hands, and worked away as if they were pumping for dear life on board the Bellerophon, now satisfied themselves with a slight touch of their hat, a graceful drop of the chin and the eyelids, and a mutual soft exclamation, in which the usual health inquiry was Mac-Adamized into "Addy do." Your committee takes leave to doubt whether the thing could have been better done at the corner of Park-lane, Piccadilly. The report concluded by expressing the hope of the committee, that the meeting would not relax in its persevering efforts to uphold the Society, exhausted as its funds were, by a pretty general distribution of brass spurs for banker's clerks, agate necklaces for special pleaders' wives, Irish Melodies for coppersmiths' daughters, French kid gloves for journeymen printers, and cockades for brewers' grooms. The subscription was liberal, and the company departed in cabriolets at an early hour, after bestowing a merited compliment upon Mr. Kay for the genteel untavern-like appearance of his establishment.

New Monthly Magazine.

SPECIMENS OF A PATENT POCKET DICTIONARY,

For the use of those who wish to understand the meaning of things as well as words.

HEMP.—The neck-cloth, *alias* nec-quid, which rogues put on when they see company for the last time.

HOLIDAYS.—The elysium of our boyhood; perhaps the only one of our life. Of this truth Anaxagoras seems to have been aware. Being asked by the people of Lampsacus before his death whether he

wished any thing to be done in commemoration of him, "Yes," he replied, "let the boys be allowed to play on the anniversary of my death."

HONOUR.—Conventional legislation for the correction and government of all those points which the law does not reach.

HUNGER.—The universal stimulant of men and beasts; the same which gives the poor man his health and his appetite; the want of which afflicts the rich with disease and satiety.

JEALOUSY.—Tormenting yourself for fear you should be tormented by another.

IMMORTALITY.—of modern authors.—Drawing in imagination upon the future for that homage which the present age refuses to pay. At best a protracted oblivion.

LAUGHTER.—A faculty bestowed exclusively upon man, and which there is, therefore, a sort of impiety in not exercising as frequently as we can. We may say with Titus, that we have lost a day if it have passed without our laughing. The pilgrims at Mecca consider it so essential a part of their devotion, that they call upon the Prophet to preserve them from sad faces.

LEARNING.—Too often a knowledge of words and an ignorance of things; a mere act of memory, which may be exercised without common sense.

LOAN.—A means of robbing our successors for the purpose of destroying our contemporaries.

LOTTERY.—The only game of chance where you are certain to lose your money.

MELANCHOLY.—Ingratitude to heaven.

MILK, LONDON.—The joint production of the cow and the pump.

NOVEMBER.—The period at which every Englishman takes leave of the sun for nine months, and not a few of them for ever. *Ibid.*

DEER HUNTING IN SOUTH AMERICA.

As the haunts of the fallow-deer or venays are generally far from the abodes of men, and as they live in continual alarm from the depredations of the host of enemies, beasts and birds of prey, and even reptiles, that beset them, but for the extraordinary instinct or sagacity nature has endowed them with, for their preservation, the race must long since have been extinct. The impenetrable mountains of the Cordilleras are inhabited by immense herds of these animals; a species of the stag-kind also sometimes herds amongst them, though, as there seems a great aver-

sion to this commixture, it must be considered as dictated by some necessary or instinctive policy. In those haunts are also to be met the *cabra montes*, or mountain-goat, so much admired for its symmetry of form and delicious flavour. The intricate and steep pathways leading to their couching haunts are mostly in clefts of rocky precipices, inaccessible to beasts of prey: and even a nimble dog can scarcely skip from rock to rock, to the outposts where their videttes are placed. Should any of them venture, they soon have occasion to repent their temerity.

It is not uncommon to see the jaguar, the tiger, &c., who have the hardihood to attack their outposts, hurled by the battling sentinels, the horned patriarchs of the flock, down a precipice of five or six hundred feet: so that, unless impelled by extreme hunger, they never attack them, except in their more open pastures. As those ravenous creatures are dormant during the day, the deer are then partly secure. At night a straggler from the community is sure of its fate; as the jaguars hunt in packs, and are very quick-scented. One trait of the South American deer is worthy of notice. In Europe, a hunted deer is driven from amongst the herd, and abandoned to its fate: here, the guardians of the flock succour even a stranger of their community. I apprehend, that during the fawning season the females and fawns suffer more than the males, as the young are obliged to be deposited in thickets, and the eagle and vulture are always watching overhead. The large brown snake is also a great destroyer of them, but the jaguar and wild-cat are their worst enemies. There are about four bucks to one doe in the herd, which shews what destruction there must be of the latter. The colours of the deer are various, and mostly beautifully dappled upon yellow, white, and dun. The stag is generally of a dusky brown. Hunting those animals is a source both of amusement and emolument to the Indian tribes in high latitudes, and they may be said to have brought it to high perfection. Having ascertained the haunts of the animals for about a week, the whole tribe assemble before day-break: some ascend the highest trees, to mark their progress; others couch under leaves, so as to impound them when they betake themselves to their fastnesses; then the whole tribe, men, women, and boys, stretch over a vast tract of country, and, assisted by their curs and horns, make every kind of hideous noises obliging them to quit their grazing spots while the dew is on the ground. As the deer assemble, they form in complete marching order, preceded by

the elder or patriarchs, while the bucks of the second class bring up the rear, to protect the females and young, and repel any attacks. In this manner they arrive at their haunts; while the Indians, advancing in all directions, prevent their retreat, by closing up all the embouchures or openings, and while the deer are forming in battle-array, prepare the instruments of destruction, viz. large lances, resinous torches, and nooses fixed to long poles. The women are also busy stuffing jaguar and tiger skins. The Indians having made proper crevices, dug into the grit and brown rock which form the paths, advance. The images of the wild beasts are now presented, to intimidate the deer from breaking, which the bucks no sooner perceive than they make a violent effort to strike them into the gulf,—their animosity to those beasts being such, that they often pass or leap over a man to get at them. The Indians then strike, and hurl them into the abyss below, where the women are ready to hamstring or disable them, before they recover from their stupor. When the hunters can no longer provoke them to rush on the stuffed tigers, &c., they make signals to those overhead to throw lighted flambeaux amongst them. This causes them to make a desperate effort to escape, and when the Indians have hurled a sufficient number down the precipices, they suffer the females and the fawns, and some of the bucks, to escape. Indeed, they seem very much averse to destroying a doe at all, and always liberate the doe fawn. In those excursions they take on an average from four to five hundred. In taking the *Cierro Grande*, or Large Stag, they seldom get more than from thirty to fifty; but of the mountain-goat they catch an immense number; they enter the caverns in the rocks by night, and pursue them by torch-light; and frequently yoke a great many of them together alive, although the flesh loses its flavour from the effort to domesticate them; and they scarcely ever lose their native wildness. A full-grown fallow-deer could be bought at Valentia for seven pisetos, or about five shillings British. During the hunting season, the Creoles sometimes hunt, but the Indians are more expert.

Monthly Magazine.

Useful Domestic Hints.

MEDICINAL PROPERTIES OF THE WILD VALERIAN.

WILD valerian is a medicine of great use in nervous disorders, and is particularly serviceable in epilepsies proceeding

from a debility of the nervous system. Some recommend it as procuring sleep, particularly in fever, even when opium fails; but it is principally useful in affections of the hysterical kind. The common dose is from a scruple to a drachm in powder, and an infusion from one or two drachms. Its unpleasant flavour is most efficaciously concealed by a suitable addition of mace; as its virtues reside entirely in an essential oil, it should not be exhibited in decoction or watery extract. Fabius Colonna, an Italian nobleman, engaged in political affairs, had an epilepsy from his birth, which the physicians were unable to cure. Being entirely worn out with the disease, he began the study of the ancient botanical writers, and in his research, found that it was cured by the valerian root. Hence he began the trial, and was soon completely restored. He advises to gather the root before the time of flowering, to reduce the same into powder, and take it in water, wine, or milk, on six successive mornings on an empty stomach, whence sweats will break out, and often the bowels will become relaxed, which are excellent signs. Fordyce recommends it highly in hemicrania, a pain affecting one side of the head only. Camerarius asserts that he found it very serviceable in jaundice, also in asthma; in which latter disease he accompanied it with a grain of opium. Cullen mentions that it is serviceable in hysteric and other spasmodic affections; and when it failed of producing any good, it arose from these disorders not being from any nervous affections, or from the badness of the drug. Haller mentions also its success in hysterics. Boerhaave pronounces that it is good against all diseases of the thorax, stomach, and uterus, wonderfully increasing the discharge from the latter, when too sparing, using an ounce or two of the bruised root as tea, sweetened with honey; he likewise mentions that it is an excellent vermifuge. He adds, that if the fresh leaves be bruised with wine, and applied to the parts, it is excellent in contusions; that thus it dissipates scirrhous tumours without suppuration; when suppuration has taken place, soon makes them heal: hence the common people always apply them in sordid ulcers. The valerian has been found successful in various cases of epilepsy, and a good nervous medicine; and in consumption, a tea made of it for breakfast has done considerable service. The oil of valerian deserves a trial in epilepsy, being said to have produced several extraordinary cures.

T. A. C.

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF CAULIFLOWER PLANTS, TO SECURE GOOD PRODUCE DURING THE WINTER,

By Mr. G. Cockburn.

I sow the seeds of the early cauliflower in a stout border, in the beginning of July, and as soon as the plants come up, I thin them out to twelve or fourteen inches apart, where I suffer them to remain, keeping them clean, and watering them occasionally, till about the middle of November, by which time they all produce heads from ten to thirty inches in circumference. As they are not hardy enough to bear more than three or four degrees of frost, I remove them at that time into a shed which will keep out ten degrees of frost, taking care to retain as much mould about their roots as possible, and to remove all their decayed leaves. In the shed they are planted in mould, keeping a space of about an inch between each head. In this state they are frequently looked over with care, their dead leaves removed, and those heads cut for present use, which shew any disposition to decay. When severe frost occurs, the plants are covered with dry short hay. By this management I have been able to send three dishes of cauliflowers to table every week during the autumn and winter until February.—*Transactions of the Horticultural Society.*

IMPURE WATER.

The following is an old Lady's Specific for the cure of this inconvenience.

TAKE a piece of allum of the size of a nutmeg, dissolve it in a little hot water, and pour it in a pail of the impure water, and in a few hours the filth will be precipitated to the bottom, and the water at the top will be perfectly pure, and free from all taste arising from allum.

USE OF SULPHATE OF COPPER IN CROUP.

Dr. H. Hoffman recommends the sulphate of copper as an excellent remedy in croup, especially after blood-letting. In slight cases he begins with giving from a quarter to half a grain every two hours; in those cases, however, where there is also laryngitis, or bronchitis, three, four, or more grains are administered, so as to excite instant vomiting: by so doing, the doctor thinks that not only is the lymph expelled from the trachea, but also that the further secretion of it is prevented, so that the patient is very much relieved, and soon cured. After

copious vomiting has been produced, the medicine is to be given in small doses, in conjunction with digitalis. In support of the utility of the above practice, Dr. H. affirms that he has employed it with the greatest success during a period of ten years, in a great number of children affected with croup, without ever having lost a patient in that time, notwithstanding the disease was often at its height when he was first called in.

RECIPE FOR A SORE THROAT.

TAKE a glass of olive or sweet oil, and half a glass of spirits of turpentine: mix them together, and rub the throat externally, wearing flannel round it at the same time. It proves most effectual when applied early.

It is a fact, but not generally known, that the common strawberry is a natural dentifrice; and that its juice, without any previous preparation whatever, dissolves the tartareous incrustations on the teeth, and makes the breath sweet and agreeable.

RECIPE FOR PRESERVING LEATHER.

PUT the following articles in an earthen vessel, and melt them together over a slow fire:—half a pint of drying oil (boiled linseed oil); one ounce of bees wax; one ounce of spirits of turpentine; and half an ounce of Burgundy pitch.—If new boots or shoes be saturated with the above composition, and left to hang in a warm place for a week or ten days, they will not only be rendered soft and pleasant, but also impervious to wet (at least to a great degree), and will be very seldom found to crack at the sides.

IMPORTANT USES OF THE FARINA OF POTATOES.

(For the Mirror.)

IN the manufacture of sea bread or biscuit, the introduction of a portion of the farina materially improves the quality, and enables them to be kept good for a much longer period of time. In the state of flour it is peculiarly important as a sea store, on account of its imperishable nature, and in its general usefulness. It is an excellent substitute for rice, peas, or oatmeal, and will go much further than any of them in thickening the soup. In most parts of France it is extensively used as food in a great variety of forms. The economical people of that country being fully aware of its value, large manufactories are established in many

places for the purpose of separating the farina from the root, for sale. But such is our relish for foreign productions in preference to those of our own country, that if the potatoe flour were to be brought from the South Sea Islands, it would be highly extolled, and supply the present starch so much in fashion, called arrow root, which we go to the East and West Indies to obtain. It is, indeed, lamentable to think how many poor mothers go to the druggist or the grocer, and give as much money for an ounce of arrow root as they might obtain a pound of potatoe flour for, if manufactories were established for producing it in this country, as is done in France. The properties of potatoe flour and arrow root are precisely alike, they are both pure starch, and obtained by a similar process, from two bulbous rooted plants. An equal quantity of each, mixed and dissolved separately in equal proportions of water, make jelly like mucillages of the same consistence, not to be known from one another but by a slight difference in the taste. The sago and salop of the East, the tapioca and semolina of the West, the caisvan and conac of the South, and the potatoe farina of the North, are only so many different forms given to the same vegetable principle, namely, starch.

T. A.—N. C.

Miscellanies.

LOVE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE WORDS OF LOPE DE VEGA.

(For the Mirror.)

LET no one say that there is need
Of time for love to grow,
Ah, no! the love that kills indeed
Dispatches at a blow.

The spark which but by slow degrees
Is nurs'd into a flame,
Is habit, friendship, what you please,
But love is not its name.

For love to be completely true,
If death at sight should deal,
Shou'd be the first one ever knew,
In short, be what I feel.

To write, to sigh, and to converse,
For years to play the fool
Tis to put passion out to nurse
And send one's heart to school.

Love all at once should from the earth
Start up full grown and tall,
If not an Adam at his birth,
His is no love at all.

††

RIDING A WHALE!

[The correspondent who sends us the following singular story, is a gentleman of great respectability, who has favoured us with his name, and assures us of its truth.—Ed.]

AN aged seaman, resident in Hull, and who for many years plied a ferry-boat be-

tween the garrison and the town, told a gentleman of high respectability, the following extraordinary story:—In the early part of his life, he had been employed in the Greenland fishery; and on a certain occasion, the harpooner of the boat in which he was stationed, having struck a whale, the fish either *spank-whewed* the boat, (that is, by a blow of its tail, sent the boat and the crew into the air together, which is sometimes the case,) or John fell over-board; be it which it might, in the end, he found himself mounted on the back of the whale! and had presence of mind enough, to put his hand in the *blower*, or *spout-hole*, in order to secure his seat, there being no time to put on either saddle or bridle.—On striking a fish, in general, it darts to the bottom of the sea with almost the velocity of lightning; but, in the present instance, John's pony kept his head above water, and majestically bore him on the bosom of the deep, in such a style and at such a rate as never mortal rode before; the boats all the while in full chase, and the crews, ever and anon, singing out, "hold fast John." After having, in this way, posted it a full mile, he was taken on board again, by his mesmates, so that, although like John Gilpin of old, he travelled much faster and much farther than he intended when he set out, "He got safe home at last."

ORIENTAL LOVE-LETTER.

THE following letter was sent by the Persian ambassador, Abba Mirza, to an English lady who had made a deep impression on his excellency's heart:—

"When your glances dart like arrows from the bow of your eye-brow, millions of hearts are wounded. You now direct your shafts against a languishing soul; but though aimed at it for the first time, their aim could not be missed. When sharing with you the intoxicating cup of love, if an angel descended from Heaven were to appear at the gate of my palace, I would not open it. In vain the most fatal examples warn us not to enter the Bazaar of love; I heed them not, and constantly expose myself to new dangers. I have thrown open the magazine of my soul; alas! I tremble lest the purchaser should enter it at my cost. My heart, sick with love for you, drinks with rapture the poisoned cup of death; but such are the transports I experience, that thousands must envy my lot. The dust of the threshold of your door is a precious ointment to my eye; why am I not permitted to enjoy it? A thousand afflictions weigh on the heart of the ambas-

sador; when separated from you, perhaps these lines may recall him to your memory."

KING ORTON.

AN eccentric character, who resided a few years back in the town of Kidderminster, named John Orton, but better known to the inhabitants of Kidderminster as King Orton, from the astonishing resemblance he bore in feature and habit to his late Majesty, had his vault made in Kidderminster old church-yard (whilst in perfect health), and on the stone top the following couplet of his own composition:—

"John Orton, a man from Leicestershire,
And when he dies he will lie under here."

This was done about ten years prior to his death, which was suddenly awful. "King'y Orton," though a publican by profession, had a knack of making candles without troubling the excise officers; but unluckily for him, the supervisor of the district caught king'y melting fat instead of boiling strong ale in his copper, and king'y in consequence was visited by the "law's stern gripe;" and on the day his effects were seized to pay the penalties adjudged against him, he was purchasing a joint of meat in the adjoining street, and whilst cursing the excise and its myrmidons, dropt down and expired.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wolton*.

HUMAN NATURE—A SIMILE.

BY AARON HILL.

Tender-handed touch a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.

So it is with common natures,
Treat them gently they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well.

EPITAPH.

SIR,—In the church-yard of Waddington, Yorkshire, (the tombstones of which are mostly decorated with poetry), are the following epitaphs, at your service, from

ZETUS.

Here lies the body of George Elkins, a native of Bodmin, died here March 14th, 1779, in the sixty seventh year of his age. He was a good son, a good

father, and a good brother; and all his neighbours followed him to the grave.

Exactly opposite to this choice morsel of native simplicity, is the following singular inscription.

In memory of William Richard Phelps, late Boatswain of H. M. S. Invincible. He accompanied Lord Anson in his cruise round the world, and died April 21st, 1789.

When I was like you,
For years, not a few,
On the ocean I toil'd,
On the line I have broil'd,
In Greenland I've shiver'd,
Now from hardships deliver'd,
Captized by old Death.
I surrender'd my breath.
And now I lie snug,
As a bug in a rug.

THE PROPHECIC LAWYER AND CREDULOUS CLIENT.

WHEN Kit, in a fright,
To France took his flight,
His attorney full soon followed after;
Says he, "My good Sir,
Not an instant demur,
But return, 'tis a matter of laughter.

At a trifling expense,
We'll set up a defence,
You'll be safe, Sir, and brave all dis-
grace;
Then be not in pain,
For again in Mark-lane,
You undaunted shall show them your
face."

The court right well the learn'd advice
expounds,
Trifling expense, a mere two thousand
pounds;
His safety's well insured by lofty walls,
And when the pillory his head enthralls,
'Twill show each man who that sad sight
beholds,
How law, the lawyer's prophecy unfolds.

EPIGRAM.

WHEN the Devil engag'd with Job's
patience in battle,
Tooth and nail strove to worry him out
of his life,
He robb'd him of children, slaves, houses,
and cattle,
But mark me—he ne'er thought of
taking his wife.

But Heaven at length Job's forbearance
rewards:

And at length double wealth, double
honour arrives;
Heaven doubles his children, slaves,
houses, and herds,

But we don't hear a word of a couple
of wives.

LINES

Written on the reception of, and in
answer to, a Tax Paper.

BY A REV. DIVINE.

No horse, or mule, or dog have I,
And but one cat, the mice to spy,
On me no men or boys do wait,
Nor do I want their work or prate.
I have no coach, or gig, or cart,
Nor do I use the whitening art,
When I am well, I use my feet,
And brush my head to keep it sweet.
To hunt a stag, or fox, or hare,
I have no time I do declare,
I do not even keep a gun,
Nor do I William like such fun.
On me then Sir! you have no claim,
For horses, coaches, dogs, or gun,
But when you have, I pay what's due,
No man you'll find more just or true.

R. S.

A COBBLER'S SIGN BOARD.

THE following poetical effusion of a
cobbler, is to be seen under a shop window
in Fetter-lane, nearly opposite Clifford's
Inn.

Hear's the man that don't refuse,
To mend all kinds of boots and shoes,
My leather's good, my work is strong,
My charge is low, and not kept long.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Three Sonnets in November, F.W.D., P.T.W.,
An Original Subscriber, Pasche, Andrew, in
our next.

The following are intended for insertion:—
R. B., F. C. N., J. W. E., Edicard, J. C., Ma-
rianne, C. F. N., Clavis, Nemo.

Some of the Hints of G. T. shall be attended
to, few however of our readers, we suspect,
would thank us for the Price of the Stock.

Charles Palmer, to whom we return our
thanks, will see he has been anticipated.

The following are inadmissible:—R. B.'s
Lines on the Death of Byron, Johannes,
S. P. S., "Let me chase those tights away," and
a host of Poetic Epistles to Young Ladies.

The following remain under consideration:—
T. R. Moore, Frederick, J. S., H. Laman,
M. G., A. P., John Barratt, G. O. U., W. G. P.,
W. L. G. N., A Constant Reader, Sleepy,
Schuler.

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